

**Larry Cohen (screenwriter)**

***Hatchett (Original screenplay for an unproduced television pilot)***

Los Angeles: Columbia Broadcasting System [CBS], Circa 1970s. Draft script for an unproduced television pilot.

A policeman is linked to a string of homicides in New York, causing consternation among the other squad members and pressure on the department from local politicians.

An unproduced venture by screenwriter Larry Cohen, best known for his blaxploitation films "Bone" (1972), "Black Caesar" (1973), and "Hell Up in Harlem" (1973), as well as several popular horror and science fiction films, including "It's Alive" (1974), "God Told Me To" (1976), and "The Stuff" (1985).

Set in New York.

Self wrappers. Title page present, undated, with credits for screenwriter Larry Cohen. 74 leaves, with last page of text numbered 72. Xerographic duplication, rectos only. Pages Very Good plus, with the first two leaves detached from the binding, partially bound with a single staple to the top left corner.

Pagination:

[title], 1-13, 13A, 13B, 14-20, "21-22", 23-72.

H A T C H E T T

A Pilot for a New Television Series

Created and Written

by

Larry Cohen

The CBS Television Network

FADE IN:

EXT. SKYLINE OF NEW YORK. NIGHT.

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

EXT. SOHO DISTRICT. NIGHT.

The streets deserted. Warehouses dark now. Only the echo of one set of footsteps breaking the silence.

Then stepping INTO FRAME A MAN - well dressed, fiftyish, somehow completely out of place in this warehouse district. He seems lost.

The man reaches into his pocket, finds a scrap of paper, tries to check an address against the numbers on the sides of the warehouses. He realizes he has come the wrong way. He turns and starts back in the other direction. Then halts abruptly.

HIS P.O.V.: NARROW STREET AHEAD - the figures of three youths, hardly more than silhouettes. Three young men in blue jeans weaving their way up the street. We hear the crash of a bottle as one youngster tosses it against the side of a closed-up garage. The young men are drunk and in an ugly mood.

ANGLE ON the middle-aged gentleman. He doesn't want to pass them on the narrow street. He is afraid. He backs away, finally starts to run.

ANGLE ON YOUTHS as they see him. Derisive laughter breaks out and then they break into a run.

VARIOUS SHOTS: the narrow back streets of Soho, alleys, cul-de-sacs, as the elderly man runs with all his might, pursued by the drunken boys.

One of the boys stumbles and falls. His friends kick him and drag him to his feet, laughing. It will be no great feat to catch up with this old man.

MORE ANGLES - the middle-aged man gasping for breath now as he backs into a doorway. He can run no further. He hides in the darkness as the three boys stumble by and round a corner of the alley. Then he heads back in the opposite direction, breaking once again into a run.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM moving quickly. As he rushes forward, a FIGURE steps INTO FRAME blocking his path. The middle-aged man gasps but then relaxes, takes a step back, removes his eye-glasses and begins to wipe them with his handkerchief.

MAN

Thank God! I thought you were one of them. Something ought to be done about them. I don't care if they are kids, they ought to be taught a lesson.

WIDE ANGLE: at last we see who it is that the gentleman is talking to. It's a POLICEMAN, a uniformed cop on the beat. But the lighting is such that we can make out only the silhouette of the officer in his traditional patrolman's uniform. The face is dark, invisible. In fact, the policeman has an ominous quality to him, back lit, like a phantom.

As the middle-aged man continues to chatter away, the OFFICER reaches for his sidearm, unsnapping the buckle and removing the gun from its holster.

TIGHTER SHOT: THE MAN.

MAN

There ought to be more police on the streets at night. Now can you help me locate number twenty-seven...

His words trail off as the GUN rises INTO FRAME.

MAN

What're you going to do with that?

The gun is pointing at the gentleman. The cop on the beat is aiming his service revolver at this innocent stranger.

MAN

I don't understand...

ANGLE ON FAR END OF ALLEY as the three boys appear around the corner.

BOY

Hold it.

The three of them see there's a cop. They back up. They're going to turn and take off in the other direction. At that moment, there's the sound of a gunshot OFF CAMERA.

REVERSE ANGLE from behind the three boys. At the other end of the alley they see the middle-aged gentleman crumble and fall to the pavement. Standing over him is a New York policeman. Apparently he has killed the man in cold blood.

ANGLE ON THREE BOYS - their reaction. They are stunned. They have witnessed a murder. Yes, they've been looking for trouble but they never expected anything like this.

THEIR POINT OF VIEW: in a distance, the silhouette of the policeman raises his arm and fires in their direction.

ANGLE ON THE BOYS as the wall besides them splinters from the bullet that narrowly misses them. They take off.

HIGH ANGLE: again the street is empty. In the distance we hear the footsteps of the three boys running away. The figure of the middle-aged gentleman lies on the pavement. Beside his hand, the crumbled piece of paper with an address that he will never reach. Calmly standing over the body, is the New York policeman, sworn to uphold the law, but we have just seen him commit homicide. Who is he and what is his motive? And he turns and in a moment disappears into the night, like the phantom that he is.

CAMERA PANS to an election poster, pasted on a nearby brick wall. "Support your local police. Re-elect Senator David Mitchell, the policeman's best friend."

CLOSEUP: ONE OF THE BOYS, his face smeared with tears.

BOY

I'm tellin' you it was a cop.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Detective Captain BELAK walks out of the room. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM. The door closes on the boy and his inquisitors.

BELAK is in the hallway now of the Central Police Headquarters. A half dozen OFFICERS and DETECTIVES are gathered here waiting, including Detectives CURRY and LAMBERT.

BELAK

He won't change his story.

CURRY

They all say a patrolman.

BELAK

It doesn't make sense.

They begin walking down the corridor now, CAMERA FOLLOWING THEM.

CURRY

The Pelham Parkway homicide didn't make sense either. They're gonna say we're covering this up.

LAMBERT

Could this be connected with that killing up near Grant's Tomb?

BELAK

They never found the bullet. But it was a wound from a .38. The only thing I can do is kick the matter upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPUTY COMMISSIONER TEMPLE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

JOE TEMPLE tosses down the report on his desk.

TEMPLE

The ballistics report cinches it. Two out of the three killings are definitely connected. Where are those three boys?

BELAK

Their attorney's got 'em out on the street.

TEMPLE

They'll tell their parents and their parents are going to do a lot of talking. How I wish the newspaper strike was still on.

Temple's Assistant, ELAINE KENNEDY, a tall, very attractive young woman, crosses, glances at the file, then stares out the window.

ELAINE

Let's start the investigative wheels turning immediately. Cross-check every officer who was on duty the night of the three separate homicides. We should be able to establish an alibi for most of the officers within 24 hours. Then we can issue an announcement stating that we've accomplished something.

TEMPLE

Yeah. Narrow the suspects down from twenty thousand to seven or eight thousand.

ELAINE

It might be a good idea to bring in somebody from the outside to show we're not hiding anything.

TEMPLE

An independent investigator?

BELAK

That won't be necessary. We can do our own laundry.

ELAINE

You know who I had in mind.

TEMPLE

Hatchett?

BELAK

Nobody denies Hatchett's got a photographic memory, but mostly he's been lucky.

TEMPLE

He's never taken any credit.

BELAK

That's his own little ego trip.  
But he makes sure that anybody  
that counts knows.

ELAINE

Nobody's trying to put you down,  
Captain, but it's apparent that  
this killer could repeat his  
actions... and it's a big city.

BELAK

The first thing I'm gonna do is  
have every officer bring his  
piece in for a ballistics check.

ELAINE

You know how many patrolmen have  
spare sidearms? It's no great  
achievement to get hold of a  
police special. The real trick  
is to get inside this killer's  
head, find out what motivates him.

BELAK

We have psychiatrists for that.

ELAINE

I can't see what harm bringing  
Hatchett in as a consultant  
could do.

BELAK

It'll only destroy the morale  
of the men on the force...  
my men.

ELAINE

Any more killings would do more  
to undermine the morale of the  
N.Y.P.D. than any consulting  
detective could do. But I'll  
bow to your judgment, Captain,  
for now.



BELAK

I'm sure Mr. Hatchett will get all the details whispered softly in his ear.

ELAINE

If you're inferring that I happen to be sleeping with Mr. Hatchett, it's your first correct deduction of the day.

TEMPLE

Now let's not get personal, please. I think we all have quite a bit to do, so let's get busy.

BELAK leaves, along with his assistants. DEPUTY COMMISSIONER TEMPLE is alone with ELAINE.

TEMPLE

Was that necessary?

ELAINE

Belak had a chip on his shoulder when he came in here. It's been the same way ever since Hatch broke the Anderson case.

TEMPLE

I didn't know you were seeing our diminutive friend again.

ELAINE

Should I have gotten departmental permission?

TEMPLE

No. I just like to know where I stand... or lie.

ELAINE

Joe, I told you a long time ago, I like working with you. You're a good friend, but that's all.

TEMPLE

I thought maybe you'd kind of 'get used to me.' And after Hatch moved out...

ELAINE

He just comes by now and then.  
I forgot to have the lock  
changed.

TEMPLE

It wouldn't do any good. I  
understand he's an expert second  
story man. Anyhow, let's not  
make him the cure-all for every  
problem we face. We've got the  
best police department in the  
country.

ELAINE

And one of the members of that  
police department has flipped out.  
Admit it -- we're in trouble.

CAMERA ZOOMS past TEMPLE, out the window, down into the  
street below. Across from the Commissioner's Office on the  
corner stand Logan's Bar and Grill, a favorite hang-out  
for members of the Police Department.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN'S BAR AND GRILL. NIGHT.

The bar and many of the tables full of cops. uniformed and  
plainclothesmen, all off-duty. It's their hang-out, their  
favorite haunt.

CAL LOGAN is the owner-bartender, and he operates from a  
wheelchair. LOGAN's been paralyzed from the waist down  
ever since he took a bullet in his spine in the line of  
duty. Retired from the force on full disability, he bought  
into this local bar and finally took sole proprietorship  
two years ago. It has always been one of the prime hang-  
outs for policemen and detectives, being directly across  
from the Commissioner's office and only a few blocks from  
the Police Headquarters in the lower section of Manhattan,  
on the very edge of Little Italy. On the wall behind the  
bar is a display of wanted posters and memorabilia, includ-  
ing a police bullet proof vest, handcuffs, gun belt.

Logan's Bar specializes in strong drinks and good Italian  
style food, as well as terrific Irish Coffee. Maybe that's

because Logan married Maria Apoletti, a gorgeous Italian girl who oversees the kitchen. So it's a curious mixture of an Irish bar and an Italian restaurant.

And one corner table is reserved for Hatchett, for this is his hang-out too.

Police Sergeant PHIL GARSON and his wife ANNETTE, an amply endowed big girl wearing a jogging suit, are sitting down to a good Italian meal. MARIA brings the Baked Zitti to the table.

MARIA

Eat it up fast, while you still got some kinda appetite.

PHIL

My wife makes her victims diet to death while she eats anything she likes.

ANNETTE

Metabolism. You could use a little toning up yourself. Ever since you got a desk job you've been putting on weight.

PHIL

Four lousy pounds. Maria, do I look... What's the matter, Maria? What's wrong?

MARIA

It's gonna come over the air in a few minutes. It happened again tonight. Lady this time. She double-parked her car over on East 4th Street. When she come back, an officer was waiting, to give her a ticket, she thought.

PHIL

When was this?

MARIA

Maybe an hour ago. Headquarters tried to hold it back so it wouldn't hit the evening news.

ANNETTE

(to her husband)

East 4th. My God, I might have gone right past there while I was coming to meet you.

PHIL

It's funny how people look at me now. They see a cop and they jump. Used to be they'd call us a dirty name under their breath. But now they're really scared when they see the uniform. I kinda like being insulted better.

ANNETTE

How can any policeman go around hurting people?

MARIA

He's sick. There have been a lot of sick cops I've known. Occupational hazard. If you work in a hospital, maybe you catch something. You work the streets at night, maybe you start to hate too much.

ANNETTE

You mustn't let it make you bitter. I know the past two years must've been tough for you - all the operations and...

MARIA

Cal's alive, and now we've got the restaurant. I thank God for that. I'm a hell of a lot better off than a lot of cops' wives. How's the wine?

PHIL

Oh, fine... the best.

(to wife)

I know. Only one glass.

CAMERA PROWLs TO THE BAR. CAL LOGAN wheels himself to the far end of the bar as HATCHETT enters.

HATCHETT's only 5'4" tall, but he covers every inch of that ground. There's something solid, powerful about him, magnetic in his stance, in his aggressive way of moving. He's the kind of man that attracts all attention when he enters a room. And though he's short, there's something about him that warns you to stay clear. At the same time, every motion takes place at a speed about one-third faster than any other normal human being, including his speech patterns. HATCHETT is a man in a hurry. He more than makes up for his short legs with his boundless energy.

CAL has the Irish Coffee on the bar by the time HATCHETT reaches the stool.

CAL

What about these killings,  
Hatch?

HATCHETT

What killings?

CAL

The department's suggesting it wasn't a cop... somebody dressed in a policeman's uniform... a decoy... Maybe a conspiracy to undermine confidence in the force... Mafia connections... a tie-up to the drug trade.

HATCHETT

Give them credit for a sense of humor.

CAL

Sometimes these psychos turn themselves in.

HATCHETT

Not this joker. He wants to be caught... craves the hunt. One man pursued by twenty thousand. No more sore feet and injured ego. Now he's supercop and superkiller... one of a kind... unique. You know the bit - they'll never take me alive. He's going to give the people what they want - more killings, more clues, more of the chase. But I hate what this is doing to the boys out there walking the beat.

CAL

Ah, the beat! When I was but a lad, the cop on the beat had the right to blacken your eye if you got out of line. He was law and order. And he violated the Constitution and he was a petty dictator, but he was the first line of defense against crime, and damn it, he was respected.

HATCHETT

Did you ever know Sergeant Tooley over on the east side... he twirled a billy club better than any man I ever saw. He also had a mean left hook. Fractured my jaw once... when he caught me climbing out of the back window of Finegan's Hardware Store with a half a dozen fishing poles. The same rotten bull-neck bastard was the one who taught me how to pitch a fast ball. He coached for the Police Athletic League. That's the way it was in those days.

CAL

What position did you play?

HATCHETT

Short - What else?

CAL

It's a pity he couldn't've stretched you a few inches. You might have followed in his flat footsteps.

HATCHETT

Where did it get you?

CAL

A full disability - don't knock it.

HATCHETT

And a good-looking Italian wife. What more does a man need?

CAL

We all thought you had it knocked - one inch below regulations for the force, and for the draft.

HATCHETT

Yeah, I missed out on all the fun. Ask Maria to make me some veal and peppers her way. Clams oreganato to start. I'm a growing boy.

CAL

The way you eat, I don't understand why you don't grow horizontally.

HATCHETT

I worry a lot. About like how I'm gonna crack the homicides.

CAL

You haven't even been hired yet.

HATCHETT

I started without them.

Hatch looks behind the bar at another big election poster for Senator David Mitchell, "The Policeman's Best Friend." Then he exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALLEGRO CLUB - EVENING

A go-go dancer type joint. Too early to be crowded. The only occupied table belongs to the boss who calls himself "JOE ALLEGRO," a Jack Ruby type surrounded by bodyguards. Hatchett saunters in pushes past the bodyguards.

HATCHETT

So many bodyguards, Allegro. Have the bullies been beating up on you again, Allegro?

ALLEGRO

Let my friend through. He reminds me of my favorite cowboy star, Bob Steele. He was little but he was rugged. Made all those singing cowboys look like pansies.

HATCHETT

You should've lived back in the wild west, Allegro. You could've run Dodge City - right from your own saloon.

ALLEGRO

I'm not doing bad here.

HATCHETT

You wouldn't be trying to foul up Senator Mitchell's re-election try. He's running on a pro-police ticket -- and a promise to close you up, permanently.

ALLEGRO

He's just saying that to get elected. I'm a well-liked guy.

MATCHETT

Shame - all of this resentment about the police -- on account of this killer.

ALLEGRO

Streets ain't safe. See, that accounts for my having these big ugly mugs around. Insecurity. And y'know how much a big ugly mug gets nowadays? I'd like to see 'em earn their bread. You mind?

HATCHETT

(looks the bodyguards over. There's three of them)  
If it'll amuse you.

ALLEGRO

Hey boys. Throw this shrimp out.

The hoods grin and close in on Hatchett, who moves lightning fast to disable all three with a minimum of effort. A half-dozen karate strokes and it's all over. The hoods are layed out and Hatch exits.



INT. HATCHETT'S CAR. NIGHT

As he drives away from Allegro's place in his classic model Jaguar. He is alone.

EXT. NEW YORK'S GARMENT DISTRICT. NIGHT

The lights still burn in a few of the buildings where workers are earning overtime. A few stragglers are leaving the buildings heading for the subway. Among them, MIRIAM FOSTER, a middle-aged woman who walks rapidly holding right onto her handbag. She's a typical New York lady, always on guard.

MIRIAM crosses the street against the light, dodging one taxicab and then another, causing HATCHETT to slam on his brakes, as MIRIAM curses him out and keep walking. She has deliberately defied the traffic lights in her usual haste. HATCHETT peers out the window of his Jag in disbelief.

A POLICE OFFICER suddenly appears out of nowhere.

OFFICER

Lady, you almost caused an accident.

MIRIAM keeps walking. The OFFICER goes after her. The street is deserted here. Barred gates have been pulled closed across the store fronts for security.

MIRIAM moves those little legs as fast as possible, hustling her 140-lb. frame along. She hears the cop but makes no effort to respond. All at once, the OFFICER is upon her.

OFFICER

Lady!

MIRIAM

(screams)

Take your hands off me!

WIDER ANGLE as MIRIAM turns, swinging her handbag at the COP. Infuriated, the COP grabs her by the arm and the struggle escalates.

MIRIAM

Oh my God, it's him! It's him!

A SHOPKEEPER is just locking the grillwork in front of his store when he hears her screams. He sees the cop and the woman.

SHOPKEEPER

Help! It's him!

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT. Seeing all this, he jumps out of his car.

HATCHETT

Hold on.

Another passing vehicle screeches to a halt. Out of this beat-up stationwagon jump two Puerto Ricans who begin shouting in Spanish.

MIRIAM  
(screaming)  
It's him, the murderer!

OFFICER  
Shut up, lady, you're crazy.

Before HATCHETT can stop them, the two PUERTO RICANS are struggling with the officer. MIRIAM keeps pounding him with her handbag. The SHOPKEEPER continues screaming. HATCHETT stands back and watches, unable to hide his amusement.

SHOPKEEPER  
Help! Somebody help! Help  
them, they've caught him!

Who says New Yorkers don't have any civic duty? From nowhere a half a dozen bodies appear and assist in wrestling the poor policeman to the ground.

OFFICER  
(shouting)  
She was jay-walking!

HATCHETT  
That's right - jay-walking.

His words are lost in the screams of the Puerto Ricans and the nine or ten New Yorkers who are now pounding and pummeling the cop, who is struggling to save himself.

The whine of a police siren is heard and in a second two police cars screech to a halt, from opposite directions. COPS come piling out, guns drawn.

The street scene has become a minor riot. What was moments ago a desolate empty street is now full of people, many of them heading for the subway entrance, who have been attracted by the melee. The cops have to push through, past HATCHETT who can't help but enjoy the situation.

MIRIAM

We did what you should have done. We caught him. He tried to kill me. He would have. No thanks to you. You all ought to be locked up.

The COPS grab the unfortunate PATROLMAN, dragging him out from under the crowd. His uniform is torn.

MIRIAM comes in to take one last swing at him with her handbag. HATCHETT snatches the handbag away from her gingerly before she can connect.

HATCHETT

Madam, remember me. I almost ran over you. Would you mind giving me another shot at it?

He returns her bag gently. Meanwhile, the poor COP is shouting at his colleagues.

OFFICER

(shouting)

I quit. To hell with the pension! I quit.

The last we see of the poor COP is as he is rushed into a waiting patrol car, for his own protection.

The SOUND of SIRENS carries over as we --

CUT TO:

INT. ELAINE KENNEDY'S APARTMENT (WEST 70'S) - NIGHT

Only the moonlight shines through the slats in the Venetian blinds to illuminate ELAINE in bed, naked under the sheets beside her friend, HATCHETT.

The POLICE SIRENS outside come closer and then disappear.

ELAINE

Time to get dressed... I can't miss Senator Mitchell's reception. The Governor will be there.

HOWARD BOGARD

HATCHETT

I met the Governor once - when  
I was an Eagle Scout.

ELAINE

It's not the same Governor.  
And it's good to be seen there.

HATCHETT

I'll be seen here when you get  
back.

ELAINE

Don't be that way.

HATCHETT

I'm not in politics. I need  
to catch up with my sleep.  
Starting tomorrow, I'll be  
working twenty hours a day.

ELAINE

You figure Temple's about to offer  
you a job?

HATCHETT

I figure he's trying to get me  
on the phone right now.

ELAINE

But you're going to play hard-  
to-get.

HATCHETT

I have to. When I take over  
this job, it's got to be on my  
terms. The Department may not  
like my methods.

ELAINE

Oh, really.

She slides out of bed. We see her naked silhouette across  
the room. She enters the bath.

HATCHETT

The murderer needn't be a  
patrolman. He could be  
somebody who was moved upstairs.

ELAINE

You mean the detective squad?

HATCHETT

Or even downtown in the  
Commissioner's office. All  
those boys seem to hang onto  
their uniforms for old times'  
sake.

ELAINE comes back wearing a bathrobe. She crosses to her closet, opens the door, pulls on the light. Reaching back into the closet she withdraws a garment bag. A distinct smell of mothballs permeates the air as she unzips it. Inside is the uniform of a police sergeant.

ELAINE

My old man's. He always wanted  
a boy to follow in his footsteps.

HATCHETT

Is that what drew you to the  
Department?

ELAINE

I suppose I wanted him to be  
proud of me. But to him I'm  
still nothing more than a  
glorified secretary.

She tosses the garment bag on the bed.

HATCHETT

Why show this to me?

ELAINE

I figured you'd find it.

HATCHETT

I found it the other night.

ELAINE

The town's full of old police  
uniforms in mothballs.

HATCHETT

If anyone survives this killer  
long enough to report the smell  
of mothballs, you're in a lot  
of trouble.

HATCHETT crosses the darkened room to the bar, pours himself a scotch. He's naked but we only see him from the waist up. He crunches on the ice cubes with his teeth. It's a habit that he's never been able to break.

ELAINE

You're going to break your teeth that way.

HATCHETT

I only drink the booze to get to the cubes.

ELAINE approaches. She's wearing a beautiful gown and she's beginning to comb her hair.

ELAINE

How do you like it?

HATCHETT

Temple should love it. I prefer you covered with a sheet, with one pillow under your behind.

ELAINE

I'll slip back into that later.

HATCHETT

(a low soft whistle  
when he sees her  
fully dressed,  
looking quite sexy)  
Isn't that a cheap shot - knowing  
what you do to Temple's blood  
pressure?

ELAINE

I never make any promises. I do the goddam job better than anybody else could. And I want you to know something, Hatchett. If you screw up this job, I'm going to come down on you hard. I'm gonna bust your chops. I have to. Belak knows about us.

HATCHETT

It's part of what I get paid for - to take the hard rap.

ELAINE goes and gets her coat.

ELAINE

Will you really be here when  
I get back?

HATCHETT

Quietly lift up the covers and  
see. Try not to awaken me.

ELAINE

You're easily aroused, I know.

She kisses him on the lips gently, crosses the bedroom.  
In a moment we hear the click of the front door as she  
exits.

HATCHETT prowls the spacious apartment, finally looking  
out the window.

CAMERA moves over his shoulder to see the silhouette of New  
York City at night - millions of windows lit. Somewhere  
out in the city, a killer walking the streets, impersonat-  
ing a policeman.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDTOWN HOTEL. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

Following the benefit opening of a new Broadway production.  
The men in tuxedos, the women strikingly dressed in the  
latest fashions. All proceeds go to the new Police  
Recreation Center.

There is an elegant buffet - animals shaped out of ice,  
shrimp and lobster cocktails, pastries that would drive a  
weight-watcher to distraction.

Among those elegantly tuxedoed gentlemen is Deputy Commissioner  
TEMPLE. Beside him, ELAINE KENNEDY. They are in the company  
of DAVID MITCHELL, the new political candidate for  
Senator, and the Mayor and the Governor of New York, as well  
as several Assemblymen and a representative of the State of  
New York. All of these have their lovely ladies in tow.

A COCKTAIL PIANIST, such as Bobby Short, is entertaining in  
the background.

Senatorial candidate DAVID MITCHELL elbows TEMPLE, who is with  
Elaine and the Congressman.



MITCHELL

There's been another killing tonight, in the Wall Street area. You know what they're saying about this city, everywhere in the world right now. It couldn't happen anyplace but New York. Well, you know that's baloney, but I hate to hear it.

CONGRESSMAN

No one's done more to upgrade the police image than you, Senator.

MITCHELL

I know the problems of the average cop. I used to be one of them.

CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

Was this killing just like all the others?

ELAINE

No. This time the victim was handcuffed first. Regulation cuffs...

MITCHELL

Excuse me.

Mitchell walks away from the group, terribly shaken. Temple follows.

TEMPLE

Leaving already, Senator?

MITCHELL

I better. These damn headaches ... Maybe it's just the stress of the campaign.

MITCHELL looks back at the others, particularly at ELAINE.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

Be careful of her. I think she's after your job.

TEMPLE

She can have it.

MITCHELL

She may just take it. Find this killer, please, while we all have a source of employment. If he just stops killing, vanishes back into the woodwork. This is going to become a major issue in my re-election. They'll say we covered it up.

TEMPLE

Then we've got to hope he keeps on.

MITCHELL

That has a very cynical tone to it. But as long as he keeps on killing, there's always the chance he'll make a mistake. It's horrible to say that, to even think it. But let's hope he's not satisfied yet. For all our sakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. SPECIAL TASK FORCE ROOM.

Blackboards, charts, diagrams, everything to show that the police have been breaking their balls trying to solve this case.

The Detective Squad is going over reams and reams of paperwork. There are a dozen detectives now at work on this case, probably a hundred more out in the field. The phones are jangling away.

Detective Captain BELAK is in charge of the operation and he's showing HATCHETT what's been done.

BELAK

By cross-checking the officers who were off duty against those who were on, on each of the occasions of the five killings, we've been able to eliminate about ninety percent of them.

(Cont'd.)...

BELAK (CONT'D)

Assuming that all the killings were performed by the same person. Another two percent are either too old or too heavy or short to fit the description of the assassin.

BELAK has deliberately emphasized the word "short." HATCHETT nods, says nothing. BELAK goes on using certain words to needle HATCHETT.

BELAK

These are the locations of each of the killings. We've tried to find some little common denominator, but as yet there's nothing, and no minute connection between the victims. We figured this might be some cover-up to a mass murder scheme, but there's not even a tiny link to connect the victims.

HATCHETT

(ignoring the needling)  
He seems to know exactly where your units are and to strike in places where we're at our weakest.

BELAK

I wouldn't make that generality.

HATCHETT

He's getting information from the inside. He has to be one of ours. But he always seems to disappear easily.

BELAK

Well, as soon as there's a killing, all the police units move into the area... it's crawling with cops. One more cop more or less would hardly be noticeable.

HATCHETT

Then why don't we dump the uniforms for awhile.

BELAK

That's absurd. Put patrolmen in civvies?

HATCHETT

This killer is going to stick with his costume; it's his trademark. But I have a hunch he changes clothes after every killing.

BELAK

Maybe he climbs into his car or his van, or into a telephone booth like Clark Kent.

HATCHETT

It's not so easy outside of the comic books. He has to have a place to go.

BELAK

Most of those areas are office buildings or warehouses, closed up for the night... Watchmen on duty in the lobbies. Anybody coming in or going out, changing into a policeman's uniform, we'd know about it.

HATCHETT

How about a car - or better yet, a van.

BELAK

Sounds plausible.

HATCHETT

Get me a list of everyone on the force that owns a van.

BELAK

Any other little thing?

HATCHETT

I want a listing of all traffic tickets for parking that have been handed out in each of the areas where the killing occurred. How quick can you get me all that?

BELAK

This short enough?

He slaps a file down in front of Hatchett's face.

BELAK

We've been all through that route. Come up with something bigger and better.

Uniformed Sergeant PHIL GARSON, who we met with his wife in Logan's Bar, is part of the Task Force.

GARSON

(coming over)

Captain, if you don't mind, I'm not feeling real good... must be the flu or something. But I'd like to go on home.

BELAK

All right. But try and make it in tomorrow.

GARSON

Count on it. Maybe a few hours sleep is all I need.

BELAK

Before you go, just type out this memorandum for the Commissioner's approval. Officers in prowl cars are to be wearing plain clothes until further notice. You heard me.

GARSON

Yeah, sure. Whose brilliant idea is that?

BELAK

Guess.

GARSON

That little sawed off shotgun?  
Well, until he makes a mistake  
he's carrying the ball.

BELAK

He'll bobble it. I'm giving  
him every chance.

GARSON returns to his desk, types up the memorandum in triplicate, puts it through channels.

CAMERA MOVES BACK to HATCHETT, staring at the diagram of the places where the killings happened. CAMERA MOVES in on the MAP...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS PRIVATE HOUSE (QUEENS). DAY.

It is late afternoon as Office PHIL GARSON parks his car on the street, crosses towards his home. He's in full uniform. He takes out his house keys and unlocks the front door and enters.

INT. GARSON'S HOUSE. DAY.

GARSON closes the door silently, hears something that disturbs him. Then he moves OUT OF CAMERA range.

There's a photograph of Garson and his wife on the coffee table in the foyer. CAMERA MOVES IN on the PHOTOGRAPH - remember having seen them both together in Cal Logan's bar at the beginning of our play.

Suddenly there is the sound of gunshots. Three shots are fired. A woman screams. The sound of a body falling. Then silence.

In a moment, the sound of a telephone being dialed. All the time we are HOLDING ON THE PHOTOGRAPH on the coffee table.

ANNETTE'S VOICE

(into phone)

Help! Hello, I've... I've killed  
my husband. It's terrible. I  
shot him. I don't know how it could  
have happened. I've killed him.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

ANNETTE seated in front of BELAK, HATCHETT, other POLICE OFFICERS. She's wearing a sweat shirt, sweat pants, sneakers. And she's crying.

ANNETTE

I was working out in the basement when I heard somebody in the house. He wasn't supposed to be home. I couldn't see who it was. I still had the blinds drawn. All I saw was the silhouette coming toward me, in that uniform. I was sure it was him, the killer, that he had gotten in somehow. And I killed him.

BELAK

You had no idea he's taken off. He wasn't feeling well - flu or something.

ANNETTE

Why didn't he call? He always called. It was the uniform; that's what I was shooting at.

BELAK

There'll have to be a hearing, but... I don't think you have anything to worry about.

ANNETTE

Why did we have to have a gun in the house?

HATCHETT moves in and puts his arm around her.

HATCHETT

Come on, Nettie. It's that killer who's responsible. He's made people afraid. That's what killed Phil, fear.

ANNETTE

I was always so afraid something would happen to him. Every night, if he was late, I... I had these terrible fantasies. And I did it. It was me...

HATCHETT

Have you got somebody who'll stay with you?

ANNETTE

My sister. She said she'll come over. But I don't want anyone.

HATCHETT

I understand.

ANNETTE

Maybe I'll go on to work, except that they'll all stare at me. Everyone wondering how it feels to kill your husband...

HATCHETT

It wasn't an accident, it was murder, only you're not the murderer. I'm gonna find him, and then you won't have to think about it anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF NEW YORK. DAY

A new Chevrolet is cruising the streets.

INT. THE CAR. DAY.

CAL LOGAN is driving. It's a specially made automobile that can be driven by a paraplegic. All the controls are operated by hand - the gas, the brakes, etc., all manipulated by special levers so that CAL LOGAN, who is crippled, can maneuver the vehicle with confidence and ease.

Seated beside him is HATCHETT.

CAL

Thanks for letting me be useful.

HATCHETT

Will you drive that route again?  
I know I'm missing something.



CAL

Six times down the same streets.  
Somebody's going to think we're  
casing the local bank.

POINT OF VIEW through the windshield: the CITY STREETS.  
The same old coffee shops, shoe repair, pharmacies, a  
gymnasium (one of a chain of gyms) with the sign: DENNY  
HEALTH CLUBS, a movie house that has been converted into  
a supermarket, nothing out of the ordinary.

CAL

What're you looking for?

HATCHETT

I'll know it when I find it.  
Now let's try the garment  
district again.

TWO-SHOT: CAL at the wheel; HATCHETT next to him.

CAL

I know, we drive till I run  
out of gas.

HATCHETT:

It's there but I'm not seeing  
it. Maybe I just don't think  
it fits.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARMENT DISTRICT. LATE AFTERNOON.

The same car cruising the block.

INT. THE CAR.

HATCHETT once again looking, watching.

Most of the places down here are wholesale stores or  
factories. There's another health club, another one of  
the same chain flashes by. It's subliminal, we hardly  
even see it.

But, dear Reader, you are now getting the clue ahead of  
either Hatchett or the other police in this story. We just

see the Health Club sign in the background; it doesn't register. Or perhaps it does. We will return to it later.

The seed has been planted.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN'S BAR. NIGHT.

HATCHETT has got his usual table in the far corner, crunching ice from his Bloody Mary.

BELAK crosses the bar and places a crumpled sheet of paper in front of HATCHETT.

BELAK

Our friend has started writing letters to the newspapers, all of them clipped words out of the newspaper.

HATCHETT reads the note: "They called us Pigs. They hate us. But now they fear the uniform. They do not laugh anymore. They respect the uniform."

HATCHETT

That's a classic!

BELAK

I don't think it's legit.

HATCHETT

The man's telling you the truth. That's his motive in a nutshell.

BELAK

If he didn't like being a cop, why didn't he quit, for crying out loud.

HATCHETT

I suppose you've checked on officers who recently had frustrating cases? Humiliations in court trials, reprimands, criticism for false arrest...

BELAK

We've got all that.

HATCHETT

You've done such a great job;  
you made things easy for me.  
I don't have to bother. Every  
blind alley's been covered.  
Sit down, I'll buy you an  
Irish Coffee.

BELAK

I don't drink on duty.

HATCHETT

I do, all the time.  
(he crunches ice  
again)

BELAK

Do you have to do that?

HATCHETT

Habit. They say it's an oxygen  
deficiency. Builds up one hell  
of a bite. Ask anybody I've  
bitten.

BELAK

You can buy me a steak sandwich.

HATCHETT

Try the prime rib, it's the  
toughest thing on the menu.

BELAK waves to MARIA.

BELAK

Maria, give me the prime rib blood  
rare and a shrimp cocktail to  
start... Make it a double shrimp  
cocktail.

HATCHETT is again cracking ice with his teeth.

MARIA

You're going to break your jaw  
like that.

HATCHETT

Give me another Bloody Mary,  
plenty of rocks.

BELAK

That was a rottenbreak for  
Annette. Never should've  
married a cop. Her old man died  
in the line of duty. Can you  
imagine, a girl like that growing  
up and marrying a cop? And then  
killing him by accident? I mean,  
I'd never be able to take it.  
Maybe women are stronger than men  
mentally. Maybe they can handle  
more suffering.

HATCHETT

What did you do with your old  
uniform?

BELAK

I've got it in the basement.  
Why?

HATCHETT

Everybody I met on this case  
has got access to a uniform -  
except me. I'm lucky I never  
made the force. I'm not a  
suspect.

HATCHETT continues crunching ice, much to BELAK's displeasure.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP: XEROX OF KILLER'S LETTER. PULL BACK to reveal  
HATCHETT - in the midst of now deserted Cal's bar and  
grill. Chairs up on tables, sawdust being swept up by  
cleaning man. Only HATCHETT and CAL are left. Newspapers,  
magazines, etc. are spread out in front of HATCHETT.

CAL wheels himself over.

HATCHETT

Have a look at this.

CAL

Well, it's standard, isn't it?  
Kidnappers, extortionists,  
terrorists...

HATCHETT

Not the letter itself... the  
print, type style.

CAL

Well, the F.B.I. oughta be able  
to come up with the source... the  
name of the paper and all in a  
few days.

HATCHETT

I recognize it already.

CAL

How can you?

HATCHETT

It was picked for a reason.  
"The Police Association Newsletter."

CAL

Yeah!... Wait a minute... You  
know you may be right.

HATCHETT

I know I'm right. That's what I  
get paid for. My photographic  
memory. The killer's giving us  
a clue.

CAL

How?

HATCHETT

The words were all clipped out  
of the November edition. It  
came off the press Monday -  
arrived in Wednesday's mail.  
You just got yours.

LOGAN

So what you're saying is, your  
average cop only received his  
copy yesterday at the earliest.

HATCHETT

And the killer's letter was  
postmarked the day before.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINTING PLANT. NIGHT.

HATCHETT, with the FOREMAN of the plant, moving past working printing presses, shouting to be heard over the din.

FOREMAN

We print up twenty thousand  
copies which go directly to  
the local post office, directly  
for mailing. You see, they got  
the little postage certificate  
printed up in the right hand  
corner of page one.

HATCHETT

So there's no handling.

FOREMAN

Except for the copies we send  
down to City Hall, to the  
Association itself, to the  
Chief of Police and of course  
the editorial staff, they get  
theirs ahead of time. 'Cept  
during the holidays when we get  
rushed 'cause of early mailing  
and stuff. Then sometimes it  
goes out without even being  
proofed.

CUT TO:

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE. DAY

ELAINE looks terrific as usual, except that it's the first  
time we've seen her wearing glasses as she thumbs through  
several impressive-looking files.

HATCHETT is in the office.

ELAINE

Every officer who's ever been relieved of duty for mental disorders. It might be easy to pin this on one of them. At least we could name a suspect. That would buy us time until after the election.

HATCHETT

A much too cynical approach for you, my dear.

ELAINE

But maybe not for the Deputy Commissioner, or Senator Mitchell. There's about two million dollars tied up in his re-election campaign. Plus everything he plans to do for the department. He's the best friend the police have ever had. Why, the Recreation Center alone...

HATCHETT

Don't try to influence my vote. Did you get your Newsletter this month?

ELAINE

Which one is that?

HATCHETT

The Benevolent Association.

ELAINE

I never look at it.

HATCHETT

You're on the prepublication list to receive one.

ELAINE

Then it must be here. Ask my secretary.

HATCHETT

I did. She says she put it on your desk.

ELAINE

Well, it's not here. Is it important? What's in it - a picture of you?

HATCHETT

Our murderer is a sicker man than I thought. He's deliberately leaving clues, challenging us to find him.

ELAINE

All this was in the Newsletter?

HATCHETT

More than you think.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE (BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER). DAY.

Here POLICE OFFICERS and EMPLOYEES of the Department donate their time to prepare the monthly newsletter.

HATCHETT is talking to OFFICER POLLARD, still wearing his uniform shirt and trousers, as do others in the cubicle who are working on the publication. They're all cops. The WOMEN present are also employees of the Department, or wives, or relatives of those on the force.

POLLARD

Everybody who staffs the newsletter is either an officer or an employee of the Department or a relative.

HATCHETT

I'd like a list of the staff... everybody who has access to this office.

POLLARD

What for?

HATCHETT

Maybe I want to send them a Christmas card.



POLLARD

I have to know what's going on.

HATCHETT

I can have a call from the Commissioner's office in about ten minutes directing you to cooperate with me. Now - a list of everybody who comes in and out of this office... a list of everybody who has access to this newsletter before it goes to the post office.

POLLARD

Why, for Christ's sake?

HATCHETT

Let's just say I got my copy early this year and it was cut up. I'd like to know who's been defacing department property.

POLLARD

We put in our time voluntarily - trying to do something for the Department, and I can tell you - we don't like being pushed around.

HATCHETT

Sergeant Pollard, you cooperate with me and I'll give you an exclusive inside interview. Some news for your newsletter. A better story than Time or Newsweek or the daily papers will ever get.

POLLARD

You convinced me.

He takes a list out of his desk.

POLLARD

Our permanent staff.

HATCHETT

(scans the names)  
Sergeant Phillip Garson?

POLLARD

Bad break for poor Phil. He used to cover sports - the Police Softball League. Sweet guy. We're gonna do an extensive obit on him in the next issue. Did you know him?

HATCHETT

Yeah, I'm a friend of the family.

CUT TO:

INT. GARSON HOUSE. QUEENS, NEW YORK. DAY.

A middle class home without children. HATCHETT and ANNETTE are having coffee together.

HATCHETT

I had another autopsy done on Phil this morning.

ANNETTE

You mean you had him exhumed? Oh, Hatch, that's horrible. Why?

HATCHETT

We were checking bacteria count. Phil didn't have the flu. Or any other physical illness. What was really happening to him, Nettie? That last day before he left the precinct, his hands were shaking.

ANNETTE

You know, don't you?

HATCHETT

Do I?

ANNETTE

He was having black-outs; he couldn't remember things... entire evenings. He'd come in late and I'd ask him where he'd been and he wouldn't have any answer. At first I thought he was playing around, but...

(Cont.)

ANNETTE (CONT.)

Phil was too smart not to come up with a decent story or have some of the other boys cover for him. We'd gone through that years ago. I knew it wasn't the same thing. This was worse.

HATCHETT

Did you try to get him to see a doctor?

ANNETTE

He was afraid of what he'd find. And then he noticed that there were empty shell casings in his service revolver. It had been fired and he couldn't remember firing it.

HATCHETT

You connected it up with the killings.

ANNETTE

But I couldn't believe it. How can you believe that about someone you love?

HATCHETT

What happened that night?

ANNETTE

We'd had a fight. I told him I couldn't turn him in but I couldn't live with him either, that he had to get medical help or I was going to. He was so afraid I would inform on him.

HATCHETT

Do you have any idea what drove him over the edge?

ANNETTE

One humiliation after another. Always trying to do right and somehow being wrong. You know how so many cops just end up blowing their brains out. Well, I suppose he just started blowing everybody else's brains out.

HATCHETT

He'd killed in the line of duty a few times before.

ANNETTE

Twice... always felt strange about it. He never felt anything, not sorrow, not remorse. It was that coldness inside of him, his ability to kill and not feel, that disturbed him. It was a side of himself he didn't want to face. And then there was me and the fact that my father had died in the line of duty and he feared that he'd die too and leave me alone. God, an analyst might not have been able to figure it all out in five years of therapy, how can I? I was too close.

HATCHETT

But you were the enemy all of a sudden.

ANNETTE

When he came back that day, when I saw him, I knew what he was here for. I always kept the gun loaded...

HATCHETT

He taught you how to use it.

ANNETTE

My father taught me when I was a teenager.

HATCHETT

I'm sorry, I've got to hear it all.

ANNETTE

When I saw his face, it wasn't him. It wasn't even his voice. It only took me a minute to find the gun. Then it was over.

HATCHETT

And then you made it sound like an accident.

ANNETTE

Well, what was the use of telling the truth. It would have destroyed his memory. What about his mother and his sisters...

HATCHETT

And the pension.

ANNETTE

All right, maybe I did think about the pension. Isn't that awful, that that would even enter into it. But I lied. It was so much easier to lie.

HATCHETT

I've got to go now.

ANNETTE

Are you going to turn in a report on this, Hatch? Are you going to destroy Phil's memory?

HATCH

No, I don't think so.

ANNETTE

It wouldn't do any good. Let him rest in peace.

HATCHETT

Honey, he might have been having a breakdown and he might have had black-outs, but he wasn't the killer.

ANNETTE

Then you're saying... I was wrong. That I killed him for nothing... My God, I don't want him to be guilty - but if he isn't... What have I done?

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT, his reaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO DISTRICT. DAY.

Scene of the first murder. HATCHETT has come here to scout the scene of the crime, hoping to find some common denominator. He is scanning the surroundings. In the BACKGROUND, OUT OF FOCUS, over his shoulder, in the distance, we see the HEALTH CLUB SIGN, "DENNY HEALTH CLUBS." Perhaps the audience does not pick up on this, or perhaps they do. We deliberately keep it in SOFT FOCUS, but this is the common denominator that Hatchett is looking for. These Health Clubs seem to be located in the vicinity of each killing. We're not sure if Hatchett has picked up on this.

As HATCHETT stands looking, the figure of a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN moves up behind him. We don't see the face for a moment and a hand rests on his shoulder.

HATCHETT whirls. It's OFFICE JAMES CURRY.

CURRY

Hello, Hatch. What are you doin' so far from Logan's Bar?

HATCHETT

Don't see you around much, Curry.

CURRY

Got married; you know how it is.

HATCHETT

No, I never quite found out.

CURRY

Scoutin' the scene of the crime?

HATCHETT

No, I missed my stop on the subway.

CURRY

It's all over the department that you've been called in.

HATCHETT

Did they bust you back to patrolman again?

CURRY

No, I came down to pick up a stereo... wholesale... over at Kresler's. When you wear the uniform they always give you a bigger discount, kind of a courtesy thing.

HATCHETT

Like free apples off the corner fruit stand.

CURRY

That went out in O'Dwyer's day. No freebees. Discounts maybe, but no freebees.

HATCHETT

A prowler car got here within a minute after the shots were fired. The killer wasn't on the streets. The closest subway entrance is... eleven blocks away. Everything else was shut up like a drum.

CURRY

You sure they got here that quick?

HATCHETT

Quick enough to apprehend the three teenagers.

CURRY

You don't think I did it, Hatch?

HATCHETT

Well, you're a cop, aren't you? Were you on duty that night?

CURRY

I was at the movies.

HATCHETT

Do you wear your uniform to the movies? Do they let you in for nothing?

CURRY

Matter of fact they do. The privilege of the uniform, that's the term for it.

HATCHETT

It makes 'em feel safer, just having you around. At least it used to.

While all of this has been going on, CAMERA has been TRUCKING along the street with the "Denny" Health Club in the BACKGROUND, always visible OUT OF FOCUS. We are subliminally giving the audience the master clue, although they may never notice it consciously.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN'S BAR. NIGHT.

As HATCHETT enters, MARIA calls out to him.

MARIA

Hatch... you got a message.

HATCHETT

Yeah...

MARIA

That young lady, Elaine Kennedy from the Deputy Commissioner's Office, says she needs to see you tonight... urgent.

HATCHETT

Urgent?

MARIA

That's what it says here. I didn't take the message.



HATCHETT

Who did?

MARIA

I don't know. This is the address that was left. Looks like Hannigan's writing, if you can read it. He should've been a pharmacist.

HATCHETT

I know the place. The new Police Recreation Center.

MARIA

Not finished yet, is it?

HATCHETT

My never be, if the election comes out wrong. That's Senator Mitchell's pet project. It's almost eight o'clock now. Loan me that pair of handcuffs from behind the bar.

MARIA

Cal's old cuffs?

HATCHETT

He won't mind. I may make them famous.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOGAN'S BAR. NIGHT.

HATCHETT hails a passing taxicab.

INT. THE CAB. NIGHT.

HATCHETT is studying the message. He crumbles it up to throw it away, then thinks better of it, folds it and puts it in his pocket.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. NIGHT.

The skeleton of a huge building. The taxicab pulls up on the deserted street and HATCHETT gets out, pays the DRIVER. The cab pulls off. HATCHETT is alone on a long, angular street.

There is a surrealistic quality about this place. Soon a giant structure of granite will emerge, but now it looks like a crazy tinker-toy of enormous size. The spokes of the foundation, the grillwork, framing what will soon be erected here.

A huge sign proclaims: "This is the site of the new Mitchell Police Recreation Center. David R. Mitchell, Senator. \$9,850,000."

There's a huge billboard picture of Senator David Mitchell on the fence - grinning and waving.

HATCHETT's footsteps resound as he crosses the courtyard staring up at the skeleton of the monolith.

HATCHETT's POINT OF VIEW: Eight floors of concrete framework, a construction elevator, all kinds of pulleys and signs reading "danger! Excavation. Keep Out!

HATCHETT checks his wristwatch.

HATCHETT'S POINT OF VIEW: moving around the corner past the night watchman's shack. Curiously, the watchman is not on duty. He has vanished.

HATCHETT moves past. CAMERA DROPS DOWN behind the night watchman's shack to catch the image of a pair of feet sprawled on the concrete - THE WATCHMAN, unconscious.

TRUCKING SHOT: HATCHETT moving along, his figure casting strange shadows. The short man's shadow is oddly tall and angular, not at all the image of HATCHETT and yet an alter-ego to him, what he might have been - how he sees himself. In his mind's eye, HATCHETT is bigger than John Wayne! He carries himself that way.

All at once, the SOUND OF A VOICE cuts through the night, a voice amplified by a bullhorn.

VOICE

Hold it right there, little man! You're trespassing on city property.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on HATCHETT'S FACE. He can't be sure where the voice is coming from.

HATCHETT'S POINT OF VIEW: PANNING the sides of the deserted concrete structure, searching for the source of that voice.

HATCHETT

I got a message to meet a lady. She's with the department.

VOICE

Just keep walking, Mister, you're covered. Just keep walking straight toward me and keep in the light.

(Pause)

Now freeze, right there. I'm coming down.

HATCHETT hears the footsteps.

Because of the structure of the uncompleted building, the footsteps seem to echo around; he can't exactly tell where they're coming from. It's the same as the voice from the bullhorn - it's deceptive.

HATCHETT is trapped in a circle of light, an easy target. It's wise for him to obey orders.

VOICE

I'm going to keep you here until the police arrive.

Something comes sailing out of the building from a floor above. It lands on the concrete and slides across towards HATCHETT.

CLOSE UP: the OBJECT, sliding to a stop at HATCHETT'S FEET. A pair of HANDCUFFS, unlocked.

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT - his reaction.

CLOSE UP: The HANDCUFFS.

LOW ANGLE, looking up at the framework of the building. No sign of the person who's doing the talking through the bullhorn.

VOICE

Pick 'em up... Pick 'em up.

HIGH ANGLE looking down at HATCHETT. We see him stoop and pick up the cuffs.

MEDIUM SHOT: HATCHETT, the HANDCUFFS in his hand.

VOICE

Now put them on. You know how to do it. Snap them on.

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT.

HATCHETT

When do I get to see you, Officer?

VOICE

In a minute.

Instead of putting the cuffs on, HATCHETT drops them into his jacket pocket.

HATCHETT

You don't wanna shoot, you wanna talk.

VOICE

Put those cuffs on or I'll kill you now.

HATCHETT reaches back into his jacket pocket, takes out the cuffs and slaps them on one wrist, then the other, handcuffing himself. He holds them out, attempts to pull the cuffs apart to demonstrate that they are securely locked.

HATCHETT

Now you're safe. Come on down.

Once again the footsteps are heard.

HATCHETT'S POINT OF VIEW: The floor above. Suddenly a silhouette of a POLICEMAN steps into view, holding a .38 calibre service revolver aimed straight AT CAMERA:

We cannot make out the features of the Officer, only that it is a person of average height, wearing a policeman's cap and blue uniform and badge. The face is completely shadowed, masked by light, and also hidden by the bullhorn which is held against the face - the bullhorn which amplifies the voice and also disguises it completely, deepening it, destroying any identifying qualities.

VOICE

You shouldn't have interfered.  
I'm doing the city a service -  
making them respect the uniform.

HATCHETT

Yeah, I know, I read your letter.  
Don't you think it's time to  
give yourself up and stand trial?  
Look at all the publicity you'll  
get. You can even write a book  
about it.

VOICE

I have more to do. You don't know  
who I am yet, do you, Hatch?

HATCHETT

A friend? Some way to treat a  
buddy. Why don't you let me  
take you over to Logan's and buy  
you an Irish Coffee.

VOICE

When they find you, they'll know  
they can't stop me. That's why  
I have to make an example of ya',  
Hatch. Start walking towards me.  
You can see me now. Start walking  
until you can see my face... it'll  
be the last thing you'll see.

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT'S FEET as he starts walking.

TRUCKING SHOT: HATCHETT, moving closer.

HATCHETT'S POV: Silhouette of the OFFICER above, the face still hidden behind the bullhorn. Nothing visible but the cap and the bullhorn. Even the eyes are invisible.

CLOSE UP: The BULLHORN.

## VOICE

Keep walking. Keep in the light.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT: HATCHETT walking along the narrow band of light, leading now between the narrow alleyway, separating the two halves of the new Police Recreation Center.

CLOSE UP: The GUN aimed down, following HATCHETT's every move, the finger pressed on the trigger so hard that the hammer is raised, ready to strike.

SIDE ANGLE: TRUCKING WITH HATCHETT. In a few moments he will be able to see the killer's face, know his identity. It will be too late.

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT'S HANDS, handcuffed together. CAMERA MOVES IN on HATCHETT'S HAND. We see he's got something cupped in the palm of his hand.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER: a terrific CAMERA MOVE, moving from a MEDIUM SHOT of HATCHETT into the CUFFS, then into HATCHETT'S HAND. We see he's got a key palmed in his hand.

He raises his cuffed wrists; in doing so, places the key in his mouth, holding it in his teeth, then lowering his hands again.

We have seen HATCHETT place the handcuff key between his teeth. He's ready now to make his move.

HATCHETT'S POV: the corridor is narrow; he's looking for a break in the wall. Just ahead the wall is not yet built. It is filled in with wood and cardboard nailed against it, a kind of makeshift corridor. It will not resist the force of a human body plunging through it.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT: as HATCHETT makes his move. Throwing himself against that wall, which gives way. In a moment HATCHETT is gone. The gun goes off. A bullet ricochets from all sides of the concrete walls.

INT. DARKENED EXCAVATION. NIGHT.

HATCHETT, bringing the handcuffs up to his mouth, using the key clamped in his teeth to open the lock.

HATCHETT removes the cuffs, tosses them away, then reaches into his side pocket, picking out another pair of handcuffs, a second pair, and getting rid of them as well.

What HATCHETT has done is used his own handcuffs to cuff himself. When he placed the killer's handcuffs in his side pocket, he was, in effect, switching cuffs. The ones he put on were the ones for which he had the key, his own cuffs. Now the killer thinks he's dealing with a handcuffed quarry, but actually, HATCHETT is free and ready to act. He begins climbing the side of the excavation.

VARIOUS SHOTS: HATCHETT begins to climb.

CLOSE UP: The FEET OF THE KILLER, policeman's shoes, the cuffs of police trousers moving along above.

CLOSE UP: The GUN held in the policeman's hand.

ANGLE ON HATCHETT, climbing to the second level, moving like a cat.

ANGLE ON THE KILLER: silhouette, moving into the shadows, raising the bullhorn to his lips.

VOICE

I'll find you, Hatch. You're handcuffed, you're not going anywhere.

ANGLE ON HATCHETT, climbing. He's unarmed but he's heading toward the sound of that voice.

LOW ANGLE: second floor of construction. HATCHETT climbs over the edge, keeps low, moves behind the concrete pillar.

CAMERA WHIP PANS to the SILHOUETTE OFFICER, gun in hand, as the .38 calibre revolver explodes.

WHIP PAN TO HATCHETT, running.

TIGHT SHOT: HATCHETT picking up a two-by-four from the construction site and hurling it like a javelin.

WHIP PAN with the two-by-four as it smashes into the wall directly over the head of the officer. He fires again.

FAST TRUCKING SHOT: HATCHETT rolling quickly as the bullets bounce off the concrete floor of the construction site.

FAST TRUCKING SHOT: HATCHETT running at the assailant - shoving a wheelbarrow ahead of him.

The wheelbarrow starts rolling, heading haphazardly in an oblique direction, drawing the killer's fire as HATCHETT barrels his way towards a touchdown.

LOW ANGLE SHOT: The KILLER, whirling, firing twice; then catching sight of HATCHETT clearly, raising the bullhorn, swinging it with all his force.

CLOSE SHOT: the BULLHORN.

ANGLE ON HATCHETT as it connects with the side of his head. A thunderous blow that sends HATCHETT reeling back over the edge of the concrete construction site, plunging down.

ANGLE ON HATCHETT falling, still conscious, reaching out.

ANGLE ON PULLEY ROPES, HATCHETT'S HANDS catching on.

LOW ANGLE SHOT: HATCHETT grabs onto the pulley ropes, hangs on for a moment, swinging back and forth before the force of his own weight and the burning of the rope against his hands makes him let go. He tumbles the 12 to 15 feet down, landing in the courtyard.

But the ropes have broken his fall.

LOW ANGLE SHOT as HATCHETT rolls into the darkness, listens as he hears the footsteps running away, disappearing into the night. The killer is fleeing.

HATCHETT rubs the side of his face. There's a large welt already rising. A tooth is broken.

HATCHETT  
I knew it wouldn't be the  
ice cubes.

INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

She's applying an ice-pack to HATCHETT'S FACE.



ELAINE

Why would I have left you  
that kind of message?

HATCHETT

I knew it wasn't from you.

ELAINE

But you thought you'd take  
him alone, instead of letting  
Temple in on it. They could  
have surrounded the construction  
site. I hope you realize that  
it was your selfish egotism that  
let this murderer get away.

HATCHETT

If the police had been notified,  
he might have been tipped and  
not showed at all. The killer  
was somebody who knew about us.  
An "insider."

ELAINE

Then I'm sure he also knew he  
could count on your egotistical  
sense of fair play. This isn't  
some kind of game, Hatchett.  
You look awful.

HATCHETT

Kiss it and make it better.

ELAINE leans over and kisses him gently on that side of  
the cheek.

ELAINE

They're going to have a field  
day in the department when  
they hear how you screwed up.  
This is what everybody's been  
waiting for.

HATCHETT

How're they going to find out  
about it?

ELAINE

I'm going to tell them. It's my job, isn't it? To boost the morale of the rank and file?

HATCHETT

I bet you will.

ELAINE

You're not going to try and talk me out of it?

HATCHETT

I never ask a lady to compromise her virtue.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE (POLICE RECREATION CENTER). DAY.

HATCHETT has returned to the scene of his encounter with the killer. The construction workers are busily engaged in their daily activities. A place which had such a ghostly feeling is now alive with noise, growling machinery.

HATCHETT crosses the street: a coffee shop, a cafeteria, a health club, a branch of Denny's Health Clubs.

This time HATCHETT makes the connection - a health club. Of course. One of the chain of health clubs always located somewhere in the vicinity of every killing, of every appearance of the phantom policeman.

INT. HEALTH CLUB. GYMNASIUM. DAY.

It is full of absolutely beautiful young women working out - in tights, leotards, shorts, etc. - a bevy of curvaceous beauties to feast the eye upon. The instructors are the best looking of the lot - tall, busty women with great figures.

HATCHETT is looking around when one of these female instructors who towers over him taps him on the shoulder.

SHARON

Looking for somebody or just looking?

HATCHETT

I wanted to find out about the free trial.

SHARON

Today is ladies' day. But I can let you have an application.

HATCHETT

An application of what?

SHARON

Not a rubdown. A form.

HATCHETT

Forms are nice but what about the personal touch?

SHARON

What you see is what you get. Unlimited use of steam rooms, sauna, indoor pool.

HATCHETT

And lockers? I suppose there's a locker room?

SHARON

Oh, are you one of those boys who gets his kicks snapping wet towels?

Another terrific looking DAME comes bouncing off the mat, breathing heavily. She's CONNIE the gymnast.

HATCHETT

Am I the cause of that heavy breathing, or did you just finish a work-out?

CONNIE

Where do you keep that big ego, Mister? Or do you have somebody who carries it around for you?

SHARON

Be nice. A prospective customer.

CONNIE

Oh, we can get you in tip-toe shape in no time. I mean tip-top.

HATCHETT

I don't suppose I could see  
the locker room.

SHARON

I think he has a thing for  
sweaty socks.

HATCHETT

Combinations? Or key locks?

SHARON

The kind of kinky questions  
he asks.

HATCHETT glances at the brochure for the health clubs.

HATCHETT

Thirty-one locations. I bet  
they don't all have girls like  
you.

CONNIE

Oh, we're the ugly ones. Your  
membership is good at any one  
of the clubs. You just flash  
your card.

HATCHETT

Are you girls always here?

SHARON

No, we rotate.

HATCHETT

I'll bet you do. Like the movement  
of a fine Swiss watch. How about  
dinner?

CONNIE  
Which one of us?

HATCHETT  
Both.

SHARON  
Careful, Connie. These small  
ones are dangerous.

CONNIE  
You're sure you're not biting  
off more than you can chew.

HATCHETT  
I love that expression. I  
hope you're not vegetarians or  
into health food.

SHARON  
We love prime rib.

CONNIE  
And expensive steak.

HATCHETT  
And five-pound lobsters. I  
thought so.

CONNIE  
Can I ask you a question?  
Did you walk into a door?

HATCHETT  
No, I was brutalized by the  
police.

CONNIE  
Oh, that happened to me plenty  
when I was in college... "Get  
out of 'Nam." They finally got  
out of Nam. I never got out of  
college.

In the BACKGROUND, the GIRLS have been working out on the  
parallel bars, doing all kinds of gymnastic routines.  
HATCHETT's been watching this, throughout the scene. Now  
HATCHETT strips off his jacket.

HATCHETT

I know it's ladies' day but  
I've got to work up an  
appetite.

VARIOUS SHOTS as HATCHETT crosses to the parallel bars and executes a series of extremely precise gymnastic maneuvers. He really knows what he's doing. He still has on his shirt and tie, shoes and trousers. The GIRLS stand grinning at him as he goes through the maneuvers. It's quite a sight to behold - this powerful little guy working out on the bars.

He obviously has had Olympic training. Now he drops down as the girls break out into a smattering of applause.

CONNIE

Yeah, he's dangerous all right.

SHARON

How come he had the workout and  
I'm out of breath?

INT. CAL LOGAN'S BAR. THE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

HATCHETT, wearing an apron, is cooking up a storm. In the background the normal activities of the kitchen continue.

HATCHETT is pounding meat, preparing a casserole. It's one of his many hobbies - cooking - and he does it well.

CAL LOGAN watches from the wheelchair.

CAL

You must have a heavy date  
tonight.

HATCHETT

You should've been a detective.

CAL

When I roomed with you, I  
remember... you used to cook  
Chinese for all those dames.  
There's nothing that makes  
them trust you more than when  
you cook a meal for them. Stops  
them from worrying about all  
that macho stuff. It relaxes  
them.

HATCHETT

Stop drooling over the past.  
Your wife is watching.

CAL LOGAN turns and sees that his Italian wife is glaring at him.

HATCHETT

I want you to do me a favor.  
Phone every health club on this  
list. Find out which is ladies'  
night.

CAL

But you already know, don't  
you?

HATCHETT

Of course I know. Every case I  
work on I get this feeling of  
deja vu. As soon as I crack the  
case, it's as if I always knew...  
and was just trying to remember  
how it all came out.

CAL

How will I know these two gorgeous  
girls when they come in?

HATCHETT

You'll know them.

HATCHETT goes back to his cooking.

DISSOLVE TO:

A FEAST on the table. HATCHETT enjoying it in  
the company of CONNIE and SHARON. All the eyes of every  
cop in the place watches enviously.

DETECTIVE BELAK is at the bar. He crosses over to  
HATCHETT's table, trying to embarrass him in front of the  
girls.

BELAK

Well, you blew it.

HATCHETT

Did I? I don't hear any complaints. How's the food, girls?

SHARON

Terrific.

HATCHETT

The girls don't like to talk with their mouths full. They're very polite. Would you like to taste some of my tarragon sauce, Belak?

BELAK

We could've had the killer.

HATCHETT

We've already got him. There's no problem. This is a feast of celebration.

BELAK

He could be out there tonight, killing again.

HATCHETT

Not tonight, it's the wrong night of the week.

BELAK

You mean, this thing goes in cycles?

HATCHETT

Like the moon. You'll understand everything later. I'm going to bring the killer in tonight, so don't go home early. Tell Deputy Commissioner Temple and Miss Kennedy, they can call a press conference for the first thing in the morning. I'll have a confession.

BELAK

Or maybe he'll work over the other side of your face.



HATCHETT

Belak... will you run along  
before these girls have to  
get rough with you.

BELAK departs, leaving HATCHETT with the two beautiful  
physical education instructors.

SHARON

How did you know?

HATCHETT

What?

SHARON

That we have black belts in  
Karate.

HATCHETT

Don't all girls nowadays?

SHARON

This is really wonderful food.

HATCHETT

I have to warn you - I don't  
bake.

CONNIE

Where are we going afterwards?

HATCHETT

Tonight we have a date with a  
homicidal maniac. Then the  
Deputy Police Commissioner is  
going to beg my forgiveness  
and propose marriage.

SHARON

What about us?

HATCHETT

I'm turning down her proposal.  
By the way, I make terrific  
Eggs Florentine for breakfast.

CONNIE

I can't wait.

HATCHETT gets up.

HATCHETT

I'll be back in a second.

The GIRLS pour themselves another glass of wine. They smile slyly at one another.

SHARON

Well, which one of us sleeps at Betty's tonight?

CONNIE

I wouldn't want to miss those Eggs Florentine. Let's let him decide.

SHARON

I never liked little guys before him.

CONNIE

Is he little? I forgot.

CUT TO:

EXT. MODEST PRIVATE HOUSE IN QUEENS.

We have seen this place before in our story. HATCHETT crosses to the front door, rings the bell. (We don't realize where he is at first.)

In a moment a voice is heard from inside.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who's there?

HATCHETT

Hatch.

In a moment the door opens on a chain. ANNETTE peeks through - Annette Garson, the widow of Officer Phil Garson.

ANNETTE

Well, hello, Hatch.

HATCHETT

I should've called first.  
I was in the neighborhood.

ANNETTE

Oh, that's okay. Please  
come in.

INT. GARSON HOME. NIGHT.

ANNETTE

I'll put up some hot water.

HATCHETT

If it's the same to you,  
Nettie, I'd like a drink, a  
real stiff one.

ANNETTE

You got hurt.

HATCHETT

Nothing permanent.

ANNETTE

Phil always kept some scotch  
in that cabinet.

HATCHETT

That'll be fine. Not working  
tonight?

ANNETTE

No, I'm off. I'm trying to  
put in as many hours a week as  
I can. Anything to keep me out  
of the house. You know, after  
awhile all your friends come  
around to pay their respects  
and you run out of conversation.  
Then the phone doesn't ring.

HATCHETT

Yeah, I know how it is.

ANNETTE

It's a funny thing about cops'  
wives, they don't want to think  
about what could happen. When  
they see you, it reminds them -

(cont'd...)

ANNETTE (CONT.)

bad vibes. Oh, they try to be nice, but you can see when they're looking at you, they're thinking 'I could be next.' Maybe they even think that your bad luck could rub off on them. So... pretty soon you're alone.

HATCHETT

I guess the same thing happened with your mom.

ANNETTE

After Dad was killed? Sure. Only she didn't work. Just sat there and collected the pension and grew old. In a year's time she turned entirely grey. Two years - she was dead. Well, she drank. I don't.

HATCHETT

I guess if you'd been a boy, you would have been a cop.

ANNETTE

Followed in his footsteps? I suppose so. Well, marrying a cop - that was the next best thing.

HATCHETT

I mean, you're young enough to join the force now. They're accepting women. And you're in great shape.

ANNETTE

I suppose the height requirements have been changed too. Why don't you join up?

HATCHETT

I'm serious, Nettie. You'd make a great cop. You know how to handle a gun.

She whirls, tears in her eyes.

ANNETTE

Are you trying to hurt me, Hatch? Remind me that I shot my own...

HATCHETT

You're about the same height as Phil was. D'you ever try his uniform on?

There is a deadly silence. ANNETTE crosses over and pours herself a drink.

ANNETTE

Is this some kind of a weird sexual come-on? Let's dress up?

HATCHETT

I thought you didn't drink, Nettie.

ANNETTE

Only on special occasions.

She downs the drink quickly.

ANNETTE

I suppose he did dress me up in his uniform once, just for fun. I used to try the cap on as a gag.

HATCHETT

And tuck your hair up under it?

ANNETTE

Sure. I was kind of... cute.

HATCHETT

No, Nettie, not cute. You're a fine girl - husky, healthy... Which branch of the gym do you work at now, Nettie?

ANNETTE

I used to alternate between the one on Lexington Avenue and over on Wall Street, but now I'm a supervisor.

HATCHETT

You check out all of the branches?

ANNETTE

We try to keep the quality consistent, make sure the staff is keeping up the standards.

HATCHETT

Then you have access to all the clubs.

ANNETTE

Why are you so interested in that?

HATCHETT

The killings took place at random. Anybody could've been the victim, as long as they were within a couple of blocks radius of one of the health clubs. That was the common denominator - a place where the killer could return to change out of the police uniform. You see, the killer had to be wearing that uniform to commit the crimes. It's part of the ritual. That's why I'm safe right now, Nettie, because you're not wearing the uniform.

CLOSE UP: ANNETTE - her reaction, ice cold.

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT.

HATCHETT

That's what Phil discovered when he walked in the house, surprised you, wearing the spare uniform. Then he know how really sick you were.

CLOSE UP: ANNETTE, staring at him with hate in her eyes as he continues.

HATCHETT

So you killed him. Just as cold bloodedly as you would have killed me last night. Then you returned to the health club on Dwight Street, just down the block from the construction site, and changed out of the uniform. You could always leave the uniform in one of the spare lockers, come back and pick it up the next day. The killings took place after ten o'clock at night, when the health clubs were always closed. And always on ladies day when you were working. You'd be there, stay late, until after everyone had gone, and then you'd make the transformation.

CLOSE UP: ANNETTE.

ANNETTE

You haven't got any evidence, Hatch.

WIDER SHOT: HATCHETT gets up, prowls the room.

HATCHETT

Let me see it, Nettie. Let me watch. I want to meet the killer. Not with a bullhorn to disguise her voice. I want to talk to the killer, find out about him. I can wait awhile, Nettie. I'll make myself another drink. Go on inside, do what you have to.

CLOSE UP: ANNETTE. She visibly shudders.

ANNETTE

Excuse me.

She crosses to the bedroom and closes the door. HATCHETT waits.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET.

The closet door is open, the light switch is turned on. We see a police uniform on a hanger. ANNETTE'S HANDS COME INTO FRAME and remove the uniform jacket and pants from the hanger.

CLOSE UP: Pair of policeman's SHOES taken out of floor of closet. CAMERA remains TIGHT on SHOES as ANNETTE'S FEET slide in. Her HANDS lace the shoes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT, prowling the other room, waiting.

CUT TO:

BUTTONS being buttoned on police uniform.

CUT TO:

POLICEMAN'S CAP lying on bed. A hand picks it up.

CUT TO:

BUREAU DRAWER. It is pulled open. A .38 calibre police service revolver is removed from under some women's clothing.

CLOSE UP: The CHAMBER OF THE GUN as it is flipped open and cartridges are inserted.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: HATCHETT sitting in the living room, waiting. His gun is still in its holster inside his jacket.

HATCHETT  
(calling out)  
I'm waiting, Nettie. Don't  
keep me waiting.

ANGLE ON the DOOR to the bedroom.



ANNETTE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(strangely hoarse)  
I'll be right there, Hatch.

CLOSE UP: the DOORKNOB. It turns.

CLOSE UP: HATCHETT, his eyes flash to the right. He knows she's coming through that door with a gun in her hand.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN HATCHETT'S BODY. His jacket is hanging open, we can see the gun in the holster.

INT. BEDROOM.

We can see the silhouetted shadow on the inside of the door. A Policeman.

Suddenly CAMERA MOVES away from the door to the wall. A FUSE BOX. A HAND ENTERS FRAME. We can see the blue sleeve of a policeman's uniform which ANNETTE is wearing as she flips open the door to the fusebox. She reaches in and quickly removes a fuse.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

It is plunged into darkness. Both lamps on the same circuit go out at once.

A moment later there are two bright flashes as a gun goes off.

CLOSE SHOT: The CHAIR in which HATCHETT was seated, blown apart by the slugs, stuffing flying in all directions in SLOW MOTION. It is pitch black but we can just about make out the chair in the dark and the fact that HATCHETT isn't there anymore.

ANGLE ON ANNETTE, a strangely ominous figure now, wearing the policeman's uniform and the policeman's hat; the gun in her hand, moving through the pitch blackness.

Suddenly a LIGHT FLASHES across her face.

HER POINT OF VIEW: CAMERA WHIRLING. The TV has come on, casting a light on ANNETTE. She fires in that direction.

HATCHETT has used the remote TV control to switch the set on, giving him enough illumination to close in on her.  
(It's on a different circuit.)

He seizes her and disarms her, rapidly. The gun goes off one more time.

HATCHETT

I had to let you put the uniform on. You're not the killer without it.

ANNETTE breaks free, tries to Karate-chop HATCHETT, attacking him furiously.

HATCHETT

I never hit a lady.

He backs away from her to the front door, quickly unlocks it. Two girls enter: SHARON and CONNIE.

HATCHETT

Come one in girls. You all know each other. Why don't you all fight it out while I referee.

SHARON

We were worried, Hatch... those shots.

HATCHETT

That was nothing. I left the tough part for you.

There's a brief struggle as SHARON and CONNIE slap restraining holds on ANNETTE as HATCHETT sits back and enjoys his drink, crunching ice loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT.

REPORTERS and POLICE swarming around, everyone shouting, screaming, trying to get the story straight, Deputy Commissioner TEMPLE shouting above everyone else.

TEMPLE

There'll be a full press release within an hour. Until then, no questions.

HATCHETT is pushing his way through the mob, trying to get out.

REPORTER

Hey, Hatch. Did you have anything to do with this?

HATCHETT

With what? I'm down here trying to fix a traffic ticket.

EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

HATCHETT crosses towards his parked car. ELAINE comes running after him.

ELAINE

She signed a full confession. Are you all right? I heard she tried to...

HATCHETT

She's no good with guns, only bullhorns.

ELAINE

I'm sorry about passing that information along to Temple. It was my job.

HATCHETT

It was your career. You thought I'd blown the case and you didn't want to be associated with me... professionally, that is. You were just looking out for Number One.

ELAINE

All right, it was the political thing to do but that has nothing to do with us.

HATCHETT slides behind the wheel of his car.

HATCHETT

See ya' in City Hall.